ULTIMATE

ELEKTRA®

ISSUE 4

DEVIL'S DUE: PART 4

LIQUID!

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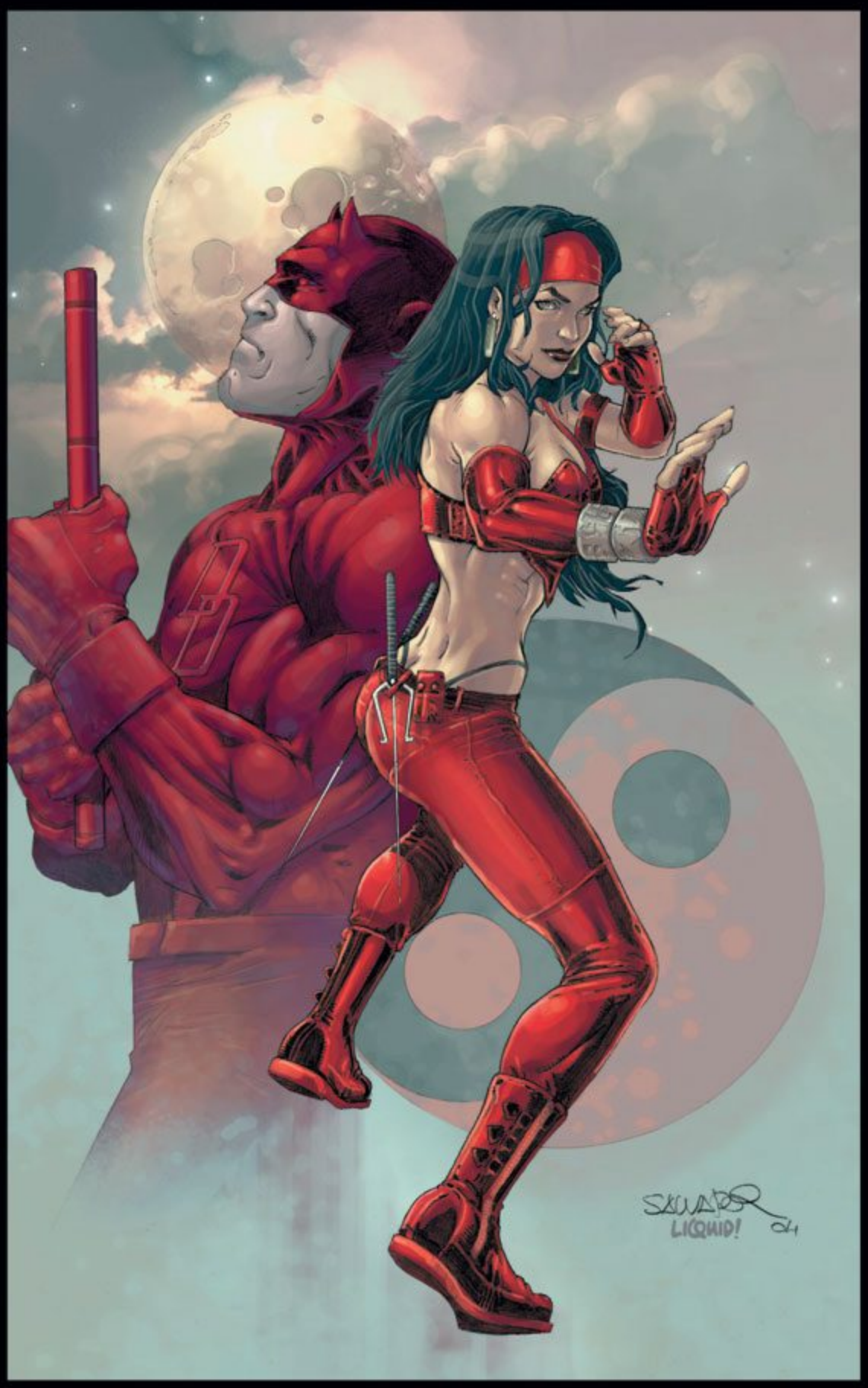
PREVIOUSLY

ULTIMATE ELEKTRA

"DEVIL'S DUE" part 4 of 5



Elektra Natchios is forced to stand by as her father makes a deal with her unscrupulous cousins, Paul and Leander. In exchange for rebuilding the family's destroyed laundromat, the cousins take control of the business and launder the dirty money earned from their criminal activities with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime.

But when Paul and Leander's accountant, Kenneth Cullen, threatens to turn state's evidence and give the authorities the ledger that records their crimes, Elektra volunteers to recover the incriminating accounting records, in exchange for her father's financial freedom. Posing as a call girl, she makes her way into Cullen's police safe house--just in time to see him gunned down by the bullseye-tattooed assassin, Poindexter, who has been sent by Fisk!

Using her martial arts cunning, Elektra escapes. Poindexter phones the police to try to pin the murder on her, but the plan goes awry when the police ignore the visibly shaken Elektra and arrest her father for the murder of Cullen and several cops!

Poindexter tells the Kinpin that the mission has been accomplished, but he quickly receives a less-than-welcome call--Cullen's lawyer, Walter Savage, has photocopied the ledger and threatens to blackmail the Kingpin himself!

Meanwhile, Elektra's blind ex-boyfriend Matt Murdock, whose enhanced senses let him "see" with radar-accuracy, has begun his own investigation. His trail leads him to the Natchios home, where he follows Elektra as she confronts her devious cousins. The cousins move to attack Elektra, but the team of Matt and Elektra make quick work of them.

The estranged couple realize their troubles run deeper than either can deal with alone. They resolve to put their differences aside...for now.

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Elektra, I can't let you *do* this.

And you're going to stop me *how,* exactly?

It's *wrong.*

The man is *filth,* but this makes you as *bad* as him.

Oh, spare me the *sermon,* Matt.

Well, let's *ask* him first.

He might be prepared to *help* us.

Fine.

And if he's screaming in *agony* we'll at least know he's *sincere.*

You're talking about *torture.*

Well, I'm happy to *stop* talking about it.

Just stay out of my *way.*

Anyway, we don't *have* fuse wire or sandpaper.

We don't even have any *lighter* fluid. We're not *equipped* for this.

Lend me a *twenty.*

Okay, but I'm still morally *ambivalent* about this.

Crybaby.

Damn.

Oh, hey. Leander. You're ***awake.***

Keep her ***away*** from me! She's ***insane!***

She's just ***distraught.*** After all, her father is in ***jail*** for a murder you committed.

That's not ***true!*** Cullen's death had nothing to ***do*** with me!

You ***must*** believe me. ***Tell*** her.

Tell her it was ***Fisk*** who ordered the killing!

Wilson Fisk? The ***mob*** boss? I've got to say, that's a little hard to ***swallow.***

Fisk sends in an ***assassin*** just as Elektra knocks on the door--

Listen. ***Listen*** to me. Three of the four policemen were killed with a single ***bullet*** in the head.

A ***distance*** shot. Hard to make ***once,*** let alone three times running.

So?

So I ***know*** the man who kills like that. His name is ***Poindexter,*** and he operates out of Chicago.

I can tell you where to ***find*** him.

He is the most *frightening* man I've ever met. He has tattoos of *targets* on his forehead, over his heart.

He *invites* death. Because easy kills bore him, he says, and *every* kill is easy.

The coincidences keep piling *up,* don't they?

You just *happen* to know where an out-of-town *killer* is staying. How *is* that?

I've used him *myself,* in the past. But I don't know where he's staying.

There's a place-- Bernie's Beltway Body Shop, on 12th-- that he uses as a *mail* drop.

He's telling the *truth.*

Wha--?

Good. Then let's go. I'm *sick* of this place.

You *tricked* me! I'll kill you for this, Elektra! I'll kill you *slowly!*

I'll make you eat your own *heart!*

Oh, that's a *nice* one.

Bit melodramatic.

Matt--

He didn't say *where* on 12th. We'd better grab a Yellow Pages.

Matt, why are you *doing* this? I need a *reason*.

Parallel *lines*, Elektra. *You* need to find Cullen's killer, so you can prove your dad is *innocent*.

Parallel *lines?*

I want to find his *ledger*, which will put a lot of guys like your cousin *Leander* behind bars.

That's it. We just happen to be moving in the same *direction* right now.

When that stops, we'll *review* the situation.

You can *count* on it. Okay. You take the *body* shop.

Then call me and tell me where to *meet* you.

How come? What are *you* going to do?

I've *fought* this man once already. Believe me, if we're going to *do* this--

--we'll need the right *tools* for the job.

July 30th.

PRRRT PRRRT PRRRT PRRRT

Fisk.

Of *course* I have your money, Mister Savage. I consider ten million dollars a very *reasonable* price for the ledger.

Now, for the *hand-over* I propose--

The hand-over is going to be in the *foyer* of the federal *courthouse* on Perl Street.

I'll bring the *ledger*. Your guy will bring the *money*. And we're both *alone*.

A courthouse? With police and *security* guards all around? That's surely *unwise*.

This sort of *transaction* is best kept--

Just-- shut up and *listen*.

That's *my* security. That's my *guarantee* you won't try to kill me.

You still *there*? You hear me?

Yes. I *hear* you.

There's a risk that my man will be *searched* as he enters the building.

Only if he triggers the *metal* detector.

Which he *won't*, because he won't be carrying a *gun*, right? So, no *problem*.

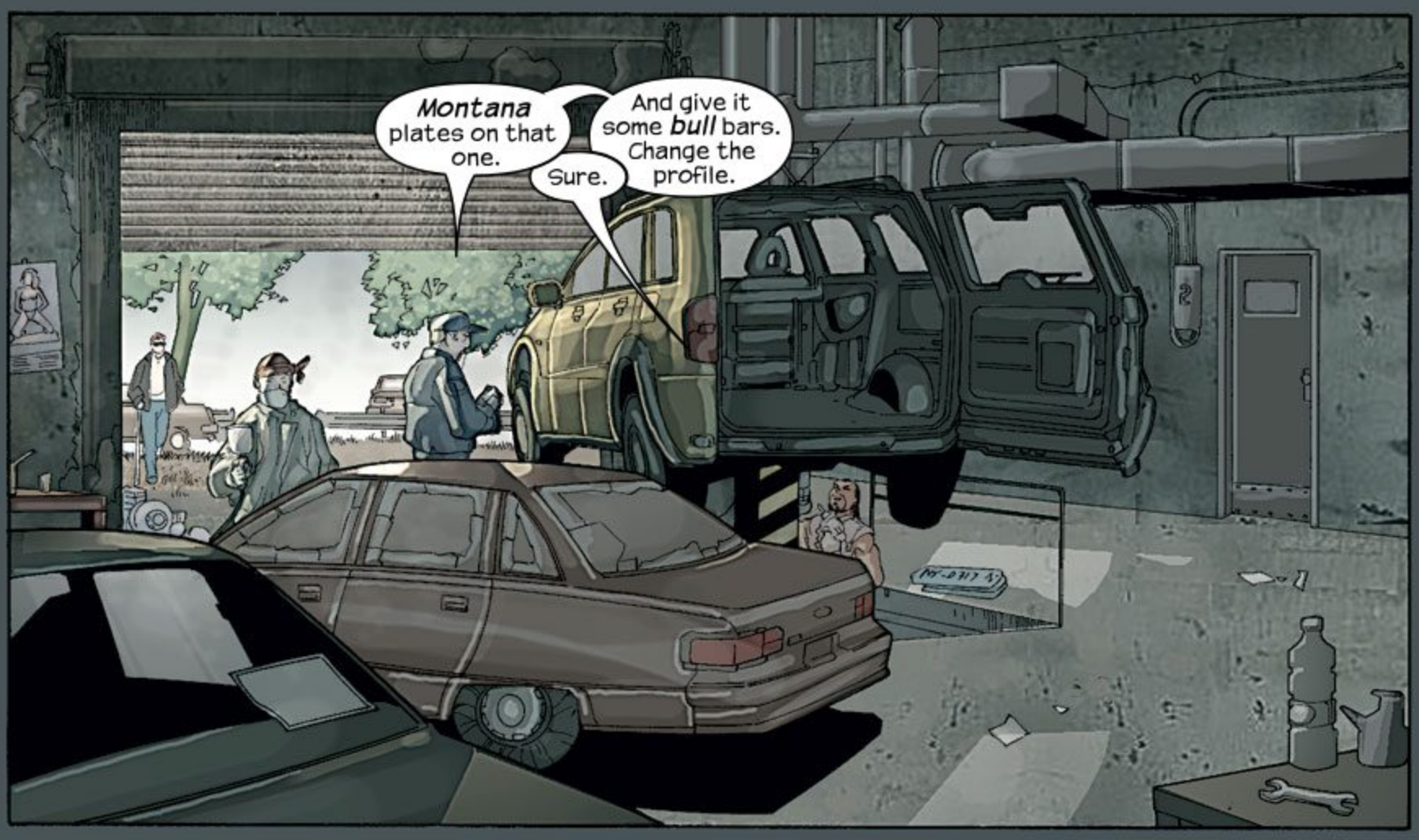
Noon. Be there at *noon*.

BEEP

Give these details to *Poindexter*.

Tell him to make it *ugly*.

RAMP
CLOSED


Montana plates on that one.
Sure.
And give it some ***bull*** bars. Change the profile.

Something I can ***do*** for you?
Possibly. Yes.
Thank you.

I'm looking for a man named ***Poindexter.***
I understand that you pass on ***messages*** for him.

Well, that's ***right.*** We do.
Good. Because I need--
Only it's kind of a ***private*** line. Unlisted.
Mr. P., he only takes ***calls*** from guys he already ***knows.***

No hard feelings.
KLAMMG

Whoever sent you, man, I'm sending you back in a--

Ooof!

I'm *connected!* You hear me? I'm *connected!*

Is that *right?*

If I pop this *jack* you're going to be connected to about eighteen tons of *jeep.*

What the hell-- I send you to him you're *dead* anyway.

The *Reyes Plaza* Hotel. Room 116.

Choke on it.

BEEP BIP BIP BEEP

Hi. Did you get an *address?*

Heavy *persuasion?* Well, you want to be a lawyer, right? It's all good *practice.*

Okay. I'm almost *done.*

See you *there.*

The D.A.'s office on the line, Mister Savage.

I'm late for court.

Tell Goines I'll get back to him.

No heartbeat. No breathing. He's not *here.*
Good.
Let's look for smoking *pistols.*
And blood-stained *account* books.
You *saw* the ledger at Cullen's house, right?
Right. It's about eight inches by *six.* Spiral-bound.
Shouldn't be too hard to *find* in a room this size.
If he didn't just *destroy* it.
Or turn it over to *Fisk.*
Well, then we're *sunk* anyway. Let's take this one crisis at a *time.*

Look at this. Everything still in his *suitcase.*

He hasn't even bothered to *unpack.*

It's a *guy* thing.

Yeah.

I guess it *is.*

Elektra...

What? You *found* it?

No. Something *else.*

Poindexter *wrote* on this pad--then tore off the *sheet.*

Cullen's *name,* and address. A *check* mark. And then--

Oh my God.

STOP

DAILY BUGLE

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Just a *moment*, sir.

Could you please step over *here*.

Is there a *problem*, officer?

You tripped the *metal* detector, sir. I think there's some metallic *object* in your coat pocket.

No. I'm pretty sure there *isn't*.

Oh, look at *that* now.

Didn't even know I *had* them.

Sorry to hold you *up*, sir. Have a nice day.

Thanks.

I *plan* to.

Keep the *change.*

This is a *five,* man.

It's a *twenty.* Nice try.

Elektra!

You're armed to the *teeth.* They'll *arrest* you at the door.

I'm not going into this *empty-handed.*

Well, *Poindexter* had to go through the detectors too.

There are *non-*metallic weapons. But even with his bare hands, he's a *professional,* Matt.

We need every edge we can *get.*

If this gets out of *hand*--that foyer will be *full* of innocent people--

There's no time to *talk* about it.

I'll find my *own* way in.

Careful, son. There's a small ***step*** just--

Oh, okay, you ***got*** it.

Would your name be *Savage?*

It's about *time.*

You've got my *money?*

Get *down!*

All of you! Get *down!*

THWUP THWUP

KRA-TI-SCH

UHH!

A *blind man* who fights crime.

I'd register the *copyright*, if I was you.

There's probably a *movie* in there somewhere.

Pl--please! I've changed my ***mind!***

I'll ***burn*** the copy! I'll burn it!

UFFF!

Well, I never did believe a ***lawyer*** could inspire such ***love.***

It stirs the ***heart.***

KRASCHH

Now *this* is good.

Solidly *made*.

Got a sweet *edge* to it.

Stay where you *are!*

Freeze, mister! Now!

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM

He's **dead.** But why? Why kill Cullen's **lawyer?**

Without the **ledger,** Cullen's testimony was useless!

Matt--

THWLICK

KLUD

The lines just **diverged.**

I'll take it from here.

To be concluded...